THE CHAMPION

MRS. NEVA C. CHILD, Editor.

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Publicity is the life of the office seeker, therefore it is right and just that he should pay the newspapers for advertising space the same as the merchants do. -Times-Union.

The editor of the Plant City Courier says that it is his opinion that if some of the anti-drainage stuff that the state press is printing is not paid for, it ought to be! That's right, and at campaign prices!

Obscurity has its compensations. For instance, it is a deal of comfort to know that no great daily will palm off a black smear of ink for the portrait of the editor of THE CHAMPION, or our residence.

proprietors, Heckard & McCord know their business. We trust they will wingthe patronage their newspaper merits.

The Tampa Times pays a pretty compliment to DeSoto's sheriff who visited Tampa during the en-"Sheriff campment. It says: Freeman, who is one of the youngest and ablest officers of Florida, states that the citizens of his county are this year greatly interested in the success of the State Fair." This is good news. They ought to be and we hope Sheriff Freeman will do his best to promote that interest.

cartooned we felt sure we could put our index finger on the DeSoto county one that would be exposed. But it was somebody nearer home whose scalp the Mercury man was after. When any editor does go for some of our DeSoto county politicians we promise the aforesaid politicians that unless their campaign bills for publicity are paid THE CHAMPION is one newspaper that will not follow the example of Manatee's papers when Manatee's candidate for representative, Jno. A. Graham, slandered by the Sun. Graham must have paid his campaign debts promptly to be so well sustained, now in his time of trouble.

"The superheated term that precludes all manual labor at or near the equator" is the way a Pennsylvania editor talks of summer in South Florida. And the editors of our state keep on discussing the drainage question as if such vile slanders on our climate were not worth noticing! It is time we told these ignorant ninnies that our summers are more comfortable than those of the north. Our days are shorter and nights cooler. The mercury does not indicate so great heat here as there. Nobody ever knew a person to die in Florida of sunstroke and our farmers do all the manual labor they need to do without fear. Megaphone it from the tops of our tourist hotels that the only reason our people go north during the summer is that there is no other

time of year that they can stand the climate the weather clerk dishes up to them in Pennsylvania, and other northern states! Go north to get cool, indeed! Not on your life! We know better!

H Gentlemanly Robber

By C. B. LEWIS

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Miss Lucy Davis, twenty years old and the daughter of a widow, was assistant bookkeeper and assistant cashier of the Flint woolen mills in the suburbs of a certain western city. It was one of the duties of the cashier to go to the bank in the city every Saturday forenoon and draw an amount sufficient to pay the wages of the employ: ees, and he had never met with any adventure in so doing. One was coming, however.

There came a day when a stranger recognized him and tried to possess himself of the \$2,500. He went over the ground from the bank to the mills and laid his plans, and a week before the event he felt certain that the boodle was his.

"Look here, Miss Davis," said the mill manager one Saturday forenoon, "I have word that Mr. Samson is sick and won't be down this morning. At 10 o'clock you will have to go to the bank in his place. You can go down on a street car and come back in a hansom."

The young lady was rather pleased The Alachua Post is a new ex- and proud over the errand, and when change that we welcome. The the hour arrived she set out with never a thought that it was to be an eventful day in her life. As she boarded a car are evidently newspaper men who in front of the mill a good looking stranger about thirty years old got in and sat opposite her. Although she could not say that he ever glanced at her, she had several sly peeps at him and was quite favorably impressed with his appearance.

The check was promptly cashed at the bank, and with the money in her reticule the girl reached the door to find an empty carriage drawn up as if awaiting her.

"Keb, ma'ami?" queried the driver, and next moment she was inside and being whirled away.

Miss Davis was so occupied with thoughts of something else that she did not notice the landmarks along the way. When the hack suddenly stopped she looked out and saw that she had not arrived at the mill. Instead of that she had arrived at a lone old house standing alone on the block, and the neighborhood was one she had never

She sprang to the ground and began When the DeLand Mercury to question the driver, but he wheeled threatened to show in cartoon a and drove off without a reply, and out of the house stepped the man of the politician who had never yet been street car and raised his hat and bowed smiled.

seen before.

"Where am I? What does this mean?" asked the girl.

"If you will step inside I will explain," replied the man.

"But I shall not step inside. Why did the carriage bring me here? I shall not

stay a minute.'

But she did. The man stepped forward and passed an arm around her and carried her within in spite of her struggles. He seated her on a box in a bare room and smilingly said:

"Excuse me, please, but you were acting a bit foolish. You have asked several questions, and I will now proceed to answer them.

"You are in the suburbs. You were brought here to be robbed. You will be detained a few hours and then set at liberty. Had the cashier gone to the bank for the money he would now have been in your place. You will be held blameless in this matter, and you must see that you are also perfectly helpless. I can take the money from you. Better take a sensible view of things. How much money did you draw?"
"About \$2,600," she replied as she

handed over the reticule.

"Not a fortune, but fair pay for a day's work. Now, then, you have got to endure my society for an hour or two, and I hope you will try to make the best of it."

The door had been locked. He raised a window, drew up another box and continued:

"We may as well be sociable as to sit here and sulk. Has the thought ever occurred to you that you would be a heroine some day?"

"I never expected to fall into the hands of a robber."

"It was foreordained that you were to become a heroine that way, Your story will create a sensation. The three daily papers will send reporters to interview you. They will publish your picture. They will describe the color of your hair and eyes, praise your small hands and feet, tell how cool and calm you were in facing the robber. You will be called one of the most beantiful girls in the state."

"You are impudent," said the girl, with a toss of her head.

"Then forgive me. If you are not

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Inside Information!

New York dressers are making a stampede for Blacks and Blues. This is the Blue Serge season July and August will be the great months for these two solids, the Blues and Blacks. We have the goods and they are the properest ever s s s s s Yours truly, s s s s s

Perry C. Brown.

Arcadia, Florida.

The Arcadia Hardware Co.

THE ARCADIA HARDWARE COMPANY'S store is now located in their permanent quarters in the Owen Parker Brick Building. fast getting their stock on display and will serve you to anything you want.

Their stock is now practically complete, though goods are coming in daily. They have just received a Car Load of Economist Stoves and Ranges, a Car Load of Hay Presses, a Car Load of Mowers and Rakes, a Car Load of American Fence, a Large and Complete Line of Furniture, Rugs, Mattings, Celebrated "Blue Diamond" Enamel Ware, Gas and Gasoline Stoves. A Full and Complete Line of Hardware, Paints and Oils, Wagons and Buggies.

They invite you to call on them. They are elegantly located and are fast getting in show shape.

The Arcadia Hardware Co.

Parker Building, Oak Street, Arcadia, Florida.